

Of Books and Broomsticks

by persephoneapple

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Summary: Harry hides in a bookstore to avoid his fans and ends up with a book recommendation and a possible first date with Draco Malfoy. Harry/Draco [AO3 tags: Humor, Books, First Dates]

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>HarryDraco [PG-13, 564 words]**

>Disclaimer: JK Rowling and co own everything. I'm writing for fun and not for profit.

>AN: Unbeta'd and transferred from my other account.**

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Harry slams the book shop door and places several Locking charms on it. Then he adds a few Silencing charms for good measure to drown out the screaming crowd that had followed him all through Diagon Alley.

"I ought to call the Aurors and file a 'destruction of private property' charge against you, but seeing as you're the Savior, it would probably get dismissed," a voice drawls from behind Harry. When he turns around, there's none other than Draco Malfoy standing behind the counter.

He looks like the same person Harry remembers from Hogwarts: tall, blond, pointy, and entirely too pale. _Should I bet some Galleons that he's still the same git then?_ Harry thinks, smiling a little.

"Don't smile at me, Potter. You barge into my bookstore to avoid your

fans and prevent me from making any profits."

Ah, there's the Malfoy I remember. "They're not my fans. They're just after me because they found out I am, yet again, single. But I'm sorry to have closed your shop. If it makes you feel better, I'll buy a book and tell everyone to buy a copy here."

A strange look crosses Malfoy's face before he makes his eyes abnormally wide and says, "You can read?"

"Shut up, Malfoy, before I reconsider. What book do you recommend?" Harry crosses his arms and waits to get a copy of the latest Auror mystery. It would be the most predictable book to give him.

Malfoy flicks his wand and a thick, white book floats down from the top shelf and into Harry's hands. Harry lets out a groan when he sees the cover: a picture of a banana and two apples artistically arranged with the title The Joys of Gay Sex written underneath.

"Nice try, Malfoy. But I've already read this book." Harry slides the book back across the counter. "Hermione gave it to me when I came out to her and Ron."

Instead of looking upset, Malfoy smiles. "Oh, good, you're not entirely hopeless. We can skip the basics, then."

"What?"

"After dinner," Malfoy says, taking two steps to the right so that he's in plain sight of the front window, "we'll go back to my flat to have some fun." He uses two hands to make a vulgar gesture several times until Harry's face is entirely too red.

"Malfoy, stop!" he hisses. "What is wrong with you?"

"That's something only Pansy can answer," Malfoy says, Summoning his coat and wrapping a scarf around his neck. "So, what do you say?"

"Is this your weird way of trying to ask me out?"

Malfoy shrugs his shoulders. "It depends."

"On what?"

Malfoy's breath tickles his ear when he leans across the counter and whispers, "Is it working?"

Harry opens his mouth to say no, but the pounding on the windows and hearing his name being screamed through the glass makes him reconsider. Would it really be that bad to go out on a single date with Malfoy? Harry's known him over half of his life and Malfoy's certainly better than any strangers standing outside of the shop.

"Okay, Malfoy. I'll go out on a date with you. But on one condition."

"What?"

Now it's Harry's turn to whisper. "You need to practice polishing your broomstick. You see, Quidditch is not the only thing I'm a pro at." Harry smirks, then adds, "Or so I've been told."

End
file.